



I've Thrown the Bowl Aside.

I've thrown the bowl aside,
For me no more shall flow
The ruddy stream of sparkling tide,
How bright so'er it glow;
I've seen extending wide
Its devastating way.
Soon reason yield its power to guide—
I've cast the bowl away!

O ne'er tempt me again
To drain the cup of sin;
For ruin dire, disease and pain,
Taint all that fumes within;
Neglected duties rise
In fearful array
Up to its brink. I will be wise—
I've cast the bowl away!

I've seen the pride of all—
The wren, the gold, the great—
Like summer leaves all time-lapse fall,
And wither their high estate;
I've seen fair women give
Her every charm away—
Embrace the demon vice and live!
I've cast the bowl away!

My days of revelry
O gladly I give up;
They're but the marks of misery,
Which still lurk in the cup;
While indolence and want
And poverty display
Themselves in every drunkard's haunt—
I've cast the bowl away!

A drunkard's gloomy grave
Shall ne'er be made for me;
O'er the let the rushing wave
Engulf me in the sea!
And may it be my lot,
To die "neath Reason's ray!
Remembered by my friends or not,
I've cast the bowl away!

My path henceforth is plain,
To honesty to live—
To shun intemperance and its train,
By industry to thrive;
And live to bless the day,
When I was led without regret,
To cast the bowl away!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A YANKEE GIRL AT THE SOUTH.

From a column of "Miscellaneous Letters."

MOUNT MORIAH, N. C. Jan. 20, 1851.

TO ZIMRI POMPHREY, near Camden, Conn.

DEAR ZIMRI:—You know I was forwarded with letters from our Schoolmistress, to her friends in the old North State, and father found an acquaintance going within thirty miles of the very place I was directed to, who promised to take good care of me, and put me in the way of reaching my destination safely, with all my baggage.

It is pretty rough travelling in North Carolina at this season of the year, although they say the roads are sometimes very good. But you should see what they call a rail road—made by stretching fence rails across the muddy places! The real railroad to Raleigh—which is a very handsome town—has no broken iron lying in the middle of the road than on the rail track, so when it snows a little, and they can't see the track, they have to give up till there comes a thaw!

I found the people very kind to me, and ever ready to do anything they could for my comfort. At first, it made me very uneasy to see so many black people about, and to have them waiting on me, but the slaves are so cheerful and fat, and laugh and go in and out so pleasantly, that I am getting quite used to them.

Don't you recollect, Zimri, the temperance lecturer used to tell us how wrong it was to use any ardent spirits, "even in a moderate way?" and how wrong it was "to have men and women in a state of servitude." Well! I used to think I understood him well enough at home, but since I have been here I am beginning to think he could never have seen what I have seen since I left Connecticut.

About the middle of the afternoon of the last day's ride, as we were jolting along the big road in a two horse stage, we stopped to change the mail at a farmer's house, who had a blacksmith shop. A deaf old lady came up to me, very kindly, as I was sitting by the fire, to ask me if I would take a "sweetened dram!" I was very much surprised, and told her, "I belonged to the temperance society." She said "there were a good many of their folks belonged, too, but they all loved good peach brandy and honey when the weather was cold, and was by I had better take a little!" I excused myself very gravely; but Zimri, the post-master, the stage passenger, and the stage-driver, all drank the mixture, and I never saw better behaved people in my life! The post-master came again to offer me some she had mixed for herself, and when I again refused, she drank it off very quietly, and then poured some more brandy upon the honey that was left in the tumbler and called a great big white-toothed black holler to her, and gave him the glass. He took off his hat, drank down the liquor at one gulp, scraped his foot on the floor, and went laughing to the door, saying—"that dram must take the fire out of my fingers, Mian!" The old lady remarked, that "the black ones did not care for the honey as much as the liquor, and that such weather was mighty hard on them!"

Just as we were going to start, after changing horses for the last time, a grey-haired, ruddy-complexioned, cheerful old gentleman, came in, stamping the snow from his feet. Everybody saluted him by the name of "Doctor," and seemed glad to see him. I heard him joking with the hostler as he came in, and he had a laugh with the landlady as he crossed the bar-room. He proved to be an acquaintance of the gentleman in whose charge I was, and as soon as he heard where I was going to keep school, he said "it was out of my way to go any farther in the stage; that he was going to the Mount in a day or two, and would drive me up, and that he would take me home to tell them the news, and learn me to eat corn bread."

So before I had time to say anything about it, my trunk was directed to be forwarded to the proper direction by another line of Stages. The Doctor told me "to leave out

what duds would last me a week!" I saw the stage drive away, and after a hearty pull at the brandy and honey, my new friend the Doctor, handed me into a handsome chaise, and his little active pony was pulling us at a rapid rate through a light snow, which reminded me of home, among the hills of Connecticut.

After an hour's drive through woods and clearings, we came to a large brick house, standing in a fine grove of forest trees, with an old-fashioned porch, reaching up to the second story. A dog barked and ran to the gate, and after him half a dozen children of different ages principally girls.

The old gentleman halted and laughed as he drove in, and told them who I was and where I was going, before I got out, so that by the time they had shaken hands all round with me, I began to think I was among some friends I had seen before. My things were put away, I was seated before a brisk wood fire and everybody was talking, laughing, asking or answering questions, and explanations were made from time to time, so that I was made to know all and feel at home.

By candle light we all sat down on an excellent and substantial supper, and the negroes who waited on us seemed as much pleased to see me and hear me talk as the young girls were. I told them about our sleighing frolics and quilting matches; and they in turn told me about picnics, fishing parties, balls and singing schools—the old doctor now and then joining in heartily. His wife, a quiet, nice little lady, did not say much, but seemed to enjoy the fun, and was very attentive to me, and asked me about "my folks," and when we got seated together near the fire, after supper she told me all about the family I was going to teach for, and said how pleasantly I would "find myself fixed among them."

I spent three days very agreeably before the Doctor's business allowed him to drive me to Mr. Moriah, and in all that time I did not seem at all in the way of anybody, but took part as naturally in all that was going forward as if I had lived all my days on the plantation.

The old gentleman showed me his fields, his pigs, his sheep, and his cattle. He was very kind to the little negroes who toddled after him to be patted on the head, or talk to him, and all about him seemed full of cheerfulness and content. I heard him several times reprove his servants for neglecting him, but he did it kindly, and they listened respectfully. I never had any idea of a "savage before"—that is certain! They don't push their servants near so much as they do in New England, and I was surprised to hear how independent the negroes talked to their master and mistress about work they were set to, as if they all had the same interest in it. They lived on a mill road, and a great many boys passed by the house on mules or horses, and with ox carts loaded with corn and wheat, whistling, shouting, and singing as if they had nothing else to do.

Well, very early one cloudy morning after breakfast, by candle-light, the Doctor and I started for school. It was quite warm at first, but after a while the wind rose, and we were glad to put on our cloaks, the road leading to a higher country as we advanced, and we could see some distant mountains. The Doctor said "he was a poor hard at breakfast, after he had drunk a cup of coffee," and I saw one of his daughters send an open basket, covered with a white towel, to be put under the seat of the chaise, and I heard a servant told "not to forget a bundle of oats for the pony."

The country was thinly settled, but we met a great many large wagons with 5 or 6 horses, hauling bales of cotton to market, in South Carolina. The Doctor spoke to every body he met, white and black, without exception, as he passed them, and sometimes, when he thought the pony wanted breathing, he pulled up, and talked awhile to any stranger he met on the road. A great many of the white men belonging to the wagons were on foot, while sturdy looking negroes, sat in saddles and drove the horses. They answered very cheerfully all the questions put to them about the roads, the crops the markets, and the health of the country; and the negroes seemed as quick as their masters, when any joke was going on. Some of the people we met offered drink to the Doctor, but he said "it was too early for him."

When we got over half way—about noon—the Doctor said "he thought we had better rest awhile, and take a check, as he began to feel hungry, and thought the pony would like a bite, too," so he drove into the woods, by the side of the big road, where a very large pine tree had been cut down, and the trunk was lying by the stump, just as it had fallen. The Doctor said "he supposed it had been cut down by the wagons to camp by, and it would just answer our purpose." He first untied the pony, and placed a large sheaf of unthreshed oats before him. He then pulled out the basket, containing broiled partridges, ham, beef, corn-bread, biscuit, mince pies and pumpkin pudding—only to think!—Then he uncovered a clean tumbler, a small bottle of water—for we had to travel a ridge-road all the way without any water for a horse—and lastly there was a bottle of brandy which he very politely offered to me to fill it with! I told him I drank nothing but water, so he said "there would be the more punch for him!" He ate very modestly, and drank his bottle very slowly, and enjoyed his meal very much, especially the pudding, which he said "was put up for me, although he disliked it too." He told me I had better walk up to warm my feet, and offered to stop at some house for that purpose. But I found a brick walk answered, and the Doctor waited a little while, till the pony had finished his oats.

In the evening we arrived at a fine large farm-house, with ample piazzas, and in excellent condition, neatly painted, and fenced in, and surrounded by a beautiful grove of young forest trees, and a highly cultivated garden. A short gentleman in spectacles came out with his hands full of papers and letters, which he said he had just received from the mail. He welcomed us both very heartily and then pulling a little ivory whistle from his pocket, blew a shrill call, upon which a negro boy came running up, looking into his master's face, who said, making a motion with his hand, "Charley, take the Doctor's horse!" He then showed us into the house, talking all the time. Here, again, I found a pleasant-looking lady, and whole household of girls, who welcomed me very kindly; and I am so glad to be so near to my mother that I never think how I am

dressed, or what I shall say, but just go on as I was at home in New England. Our host, after sitting a little while, said to the Doctor—"Now old gentleman, I will have to leave you to take care of yourself, for I am very busy; but before I go will you walk out and look at the poultry?" The Doctor smiled and said he would. I thought this strange for a busy man, and enquired if they had any particular kinds, and told them what large fowls and large prices "the poultry fever" had caused in our State. The girls laughed right out, and the mother seemed very much entertained also at my observation and told me the invitation her husband had given to the Doctor was to take a little brandy toddy after his ride, in the next room! I had a great notion to have some fun with the Doctor when he came back, but when he did so he took a chair very gravely, by the eldest young lady, and began to question her about the writings of the Rev. Sidney Smith he had lent her; and I forgot about the poultry till there were some more persons called out to look at them the next day, and then it seemed an old thing!

But Zimri, I never once thought, you be careful how they use your phrases to you, for the people have a great deal of fun in them, which you must not be surprised at, or they will think you are as "green as corn fodder!" On this plantation there are nearly a hundred negroes, some are Presbyterians and some are Methodists, and I heard one of the young ladies say, that in the busy season her father had sent three large wagon loads of negroes, with their wives and children, to a distant camp meeting, with provisions for themselves and 20 mules, for nearly three days. What do you think of that? Their father, they said was not a member of any church, and their mother to a Presbyterian; and there is a large church and school house about a mile from them, which they go to, and the minister intends to send his children to me.

Some years ago, the gentleman at whose house I am, bought a large plantation adjoining his own, and found after he had paid for it that the title included the land on which were the large Presbyterian church, school house and grave yard, as the original proprietor had never executed a deed for them! This was immediately done, by his order, and he made a gift of the land including the buildings and grave yard, to the congregation. He says I must keep school at the school house, near the meeting-house, or he will fix me up one near home; but he thinks I had better walk to the school house, as the road is good, because that situation will better accommodate his neighbors! I am only to have 15 scholars in all, and he says "I will have to switch the little fellows, but I must not try any of the big girls, or they may whip me!" Did you ever hear such advice! But he is a very kind gentleman.

No more at present from
Your affectionate sister,
MAG POMPHREY.

AGRICULTURAL.

Management of Manure for Compost Heaps.

As the collection of manure is admitted as the first and to be the prime source of agricultural prosperity, I submit the following, on the management of certain matters, with a view to that object:—

The first thing to be attended to is, the selection of a suitable spot for a manure heap. This should be on the top of some rising ground or on a ground, at least, so level that there can be no run of water to and from it, in case of violent rains. A true regard to economy, will also suggest that it should be placed on some field for which benefit it is mainly intended.

Having marked out the ground say 25 feet by 16, or any other dimensions suitable to your means, sink stakes three or four inches in diameter, two feet below the surface of the ground, and rising to any convenient height above, at each corner, and at proper distances along the sides and ends. Now collect from the woods, sufficient leaf mould or rich virgin soil to cover the whole space inclosed, one foot deep, leaving old rails, or any other material as hard for the purpose, along the inside of the stakes, as the mould rises to cover it within its place. Next, take from the walls of your manure, (be it of manure, which will presently be given,) as much manure as will cover this mould, all over equally, to the depth of one foot, except the sides and ends, which should invariably be mould only, for at least six inches from the rails, by which means it will be perceived that the rich and enriching material will be so covered up as to prevent an escape of the gases. Then cover this layer of manure, as soon as may be in order to prevent loss by evaporation, with mould from the woods to the depth of six inches and cover the whole with any kind of straw, as wheat, oat, barley, rye, or buckwheat, one foot deep. This will do much to enrich the surface, at the same time that it prevents injury from the sun and wind. Leaves will do, but straw is much better. Let it stand in this state until your stalls require cleaning.

You will then remove the straw, and spread another layer of manure, except the sides and ends, to the depth of one foot, and over that, a new layer of mould six inches deep, as before, finally replacing the straw as in the first instance. Go on repeating the process till you have got the heap to the top of the stakes; then replace the straw and let the whole stand till required for use, commencing a new heap any where else most convenient.

As it may be thought the layers of manure would be too thick, I will now give some directions for the management of the horse stable, cattle stalls, hog pens, &c., from which it is to be taken. Before entering upon this, however, I would pause one moment to remind the reader of what he has been again and again told in this valuable journal, namely, that any animal that is worth keeping at all, on all accounts worth keeping well. Probably there is nothing in which the farmer errs so fatally to himself, as in the system of starvation so often pursued, with regard to his poor, suffering brutes. Our animal well fed is of more profit in the end, than three half fed; and for the same reasons, the measure from

our well fed, is worth all the poverty-stricken droppings of three times its number, half starved. Few things are more evident to reason than these; and yet, there are very few things which some men of intelligence are so slow to receive and act upon. It is with us respecting animals, very much with regard to acres; every one is crying "more, more!" when, in nine cases out of ten, every individual acquisition is a positive and material loss. It would be difficult to lay down a rule on this subject, of universal applicability. This much, however, may safely be said; if you want good animals, and good rich manure, (which, if properly managed, will always be a fair compensation for the food consumed in making it,) you must not stint your animals; you must feed as nearly to the full, in quantity and quality, as you can without waste.

Another rule highly necessary to success in manure-making is, that every animal on a plantation should be housed at night, the year round; and in winter, by day, except so much time as is necessary for them to get water, and take sufficient exercise. In very cold weather, they should be let out only to get water, and then immediately put up again. This is the writer's own rule, and he finds it works well in every case, except in regard to hogs, which, for some reason, do not appear to bear confinement in the day time, in this climate. This practice is rare at the South. If there is another instance of it in North Carolina, he is not aware of it. The advantages of it, however, are obvious, and soon or later it will be adopted by all.

Into the stalls of these animals, before they are allowed to enter, mould should be thrown to the depth of one foot. As soon as this has become saturated, a mixture of virgin soil, leaves and old logs, sufficient to decay to break up finely, together with the scrapings from beneath and around them, should from time to time be added in sufficient quantities to keep all dry and comfortable. A little shod corn thrown into the stalls and pens, will induce the hogs to root, and mix up the whole together, in the best manner, at no cost. When the accumulation has become too great for convenience, let it be taken out and put upon the pile, as above directed. Before the animals are again put in, throw mould, as at first, or any material fitted to absorb and retain the urine and juices, to the depth of one foot. From this it will be seen that no manure goes into the pile in a state tending to waste. When required for use, the pile is cut down perpendicularly, and as evenly as possible, in order to pulverize it well, and make the whole mixture equal.

The writer has now pursued this plan to a greater or less extent for several years. Its advantages are, that it saves the expense of all tedious preparations to prevent the escape of fertilizing matter. It is adapted to every man's capacity, and every man's means. Nothing is ever seen seeping from one of these piles—no ammonia on a damp or frosty morning ascending like smoke from a furnace—a case so common where the contents of stables are thrown out without any admixture to absorb it. The rain never falls in more than sufficient quantities to afford the necessary moisture, while the straw above is kept on top, is an efficient protection from sun and wind. Tendency to promote the health and brightness of the animals must be obvious. Their stalls are always sweet and comfortable. Of course, this plan also saves the expense of building manure houses. Its superiority to the mode of managing these matters commonly recommended, that is, hollowing out the barn yard into the form of a ditch, and throwing the manure into it to be washed away and wasted by rain, wind, and sun, will readily appear. Animals should not be permitted to run in a barn except in going to and from their places of confinement; and to prevent any loss from this, it should be kept constantly covered with mould, leaves, straw, &c., which once or twice a year may be scraped up to be put on the heap between the layers of manure.

There are numerous other sources from which materials may be drawn to augment and enrich these heaps, such as weeds, the scrapings of garden walks, the contents of privies, fowl and pigeon houses, rotten chips, sawdust—a capital thing to throw into pigsties and cow stables—old rags, hog's hair, coal, ashes, soap suds, dish water, urine from the chamber, which may be poured upon them daily, and last, though not least corn cobs. These are easily wanted at the South. Give a really good manager 10 acres of land, and the corn cobs that are burned, or thrown away upon some of our large southern plantations, and I verily believe, though as poor as poverty at the outset, he would in a few years become a very comfortable liver. By this plan, these will of course be preserved. Where corn is fed to hogs and horses in the ear, the cobs will be mixed up with the materials under foot where they are finally thrown; when shelled for family use, or other purposes, they should be carefully gathered up, and thrown upon the barn yard or into the hog pens.

A person who has not tried this plan, could hardly conceive how large a mass of rich, fertilizing matter may thus be collected in the course of a year from a very few animals, and how greatly, if well followed up, it will add to the value of landed property. It is well known that the whole waste by living a sufficient time, and a last thoroughly mixed together, will become nearly as valuable as so much raw stable manure. While a place along side of it of equal, or perhaps greater original value, is going perceptibly and rapidly to ruin, the one on which this, or some better system is pursued, will be quite as rapidly improving in beauty, fertility, and the various means of comfortable living. The garden, which at first produced scarcely anything eatable, begins to send forth daily in its stores of the finest vegetables; the fields, which produced only meagre grass, and that with much ado, become loaded with yearly increasing crops of grain; bare unsightly patches are clothed in rich verdure; the orchard renewed and invigorated terms with fruit sweet to the taste, healthful to the body, and delightful to the eye; every thing looks cheerful smiling, and happy. The very animals participate in the general blessing. Their glossy hides, their easy testify their comfort, and the enjoyment they find in the abundance they have thus been instrumental in creating around them.

T. S. W. MOTT.
Belvoir, N. C., Feb. 18, 1851.

GREEN'S TYPE FOUNDRY,

No. 128 Fulton Street, Sun Building, New York, N. Y.
17 Canal Street Row, New Orleans.

To Newspaper Publishers and Printers.

WITH confidence I invite the trade, before they purchase elsewhere, to give me a call at No. 128 Fulton Street, New York, or at No. 17 Canal Street, New Orleans, where I am ready to furnish them with all kinds of

BOOK AND NEWSPAPER TYPE,

of the newest and most beautiful style. I am also prepared to supply the much admired Scotch letter, having lately procured from Scotland a series of these beautiful faces, together with every variety of form and pattern of

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Bordering, &c. I feel assured that the elegance and accuracy of all the Type manufactured by me cannot be surpassed by any Founder in the Union. By an entirely new method in the mixing and casting I am enabled to retain the virtues of the component parts of the metal, and thus to produce, in addition to an elegant result

SOLID AND DURABLE TYPE,

heretofore offered to the public. To this last feature I would in particular call attention, for solidity and durability of Type is on the principle of economy, of the greatest importance to all typographers. The members of the craft will also find me ready to supply all kinds of

PRINTING OFFICE FURNITURE,

for the establishment of complete Printing Offices, such as Presses, Wood Type, Cases, Stands, Brass, Press and Wood Rules, Imposing Stones, Composing Sticks, Brass and Wood Galleys, Registers, Close Racks, &c., &c.

Old Type taken in exchange for new at 3 cents per lb. The Trade dealt with on the most liberal terms, and patronage solicited on the ground of furnishing to the purchaser an article with which he will be pleased and which will bring him the worth of his money.

Editors or Printers wishing to establish a Newspaper Job Printing Office, will be furnished with an estimate in detail of the cost by stating size of paper and kind of work to be executed.

Publishers of Newspapers who will insert this advertisement three months, and send me the papers containing it addressed to "Noblet's Register," New York, will be paid in materials of my manufacture, provided they purchase six times the amount of their bills for advertising.

H. H. GREEN,
No. 128 Fulton St. New York, and
No. 17 Canal St. Row, New Orleans.

Sketches of North-Carolina.

BEATRICE FORD, Lincoln Co., N. C. }
October 25, 1850.

A WORK will be published by the undersigned this Spring, entitled as above, giving an accurate account of each county in our State, in alphabetical order, the derivation of its name, date of formation, its Colonial and Revolutionary History, a Biography of its distinguished citizens, an accurate list of its representatives in each branch of the General Assembly, its Towns, Rivers, Population, Resources, Products and Topography.

The undersigned has for many years been collecting and condensing the material for this work. The archives of our own State have been carefully examined, and copious extracts made from its records. He has procured from the office of the Board of Trade and Plantations in London many valuable documents. Rare and valuable works have been purchased from abroad, touching the early history of our State, and each county, which have never been in the light. He has been kindly aided by gentlemen in different sections by copies of original documents, and faithful traditional statements, highly important and interesting.

He does not aspire to the position of the Historian, but hopes from records and statistical facts to afford materials to labor and aid hands for this pleasing and useful duty. This work, it is hoped, will be useful as a book of reference to the statesman and scholar, and man of business or leisure. Occasional extracts have been published in the Standard and other papers of this State, over the signature of "Tacticus."

The History of North Carolina is yet to be written. The remark which one of the ablest Historians of the age (Bancroft) has been compelled to make, that "so carelessly has the history of North Carolina been written that the name, merits and end of the first Governor is not known," is a reflection upon us. An examination of the really history of the county of North Carolina shows a record of the purest patriotism and indomitable courage. This record is now covered by the dust of age, and unknown by neglect. It is a debt which the present generation owes to the past as well as the future to preserve these memories; for it often occurs in the history of our race, that facts known to one generation are controverted by the next, and at a succeeding period are considered as doubtful legends unworthy of historical faith. Our Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, in May, 1775, had almost been an illustration of this truth.

"These are deeds which should not pass away, And names that must not wither; though the earth's Forges her empire with a just decay, These soldiers and the enslaved, their death and birth."

This work will be illustrated with a Map of the State, from latest surveys, and including the new boundaries to this date, and sketches in Engravings of some of her beautiful scenery. It will contain about 500 pages, and be furnished at one dollar a copy. Subscriptions will be received and the book furnished at different points of the State.

J. H. WHEELER.
P. S. Editors of the different Presses in the State are requested to copy the above. The Press will receive in this work a sketch worthy of its influence and importance. Those Editors who publish the above four successive times, and send a copy of the paper containing the same, will be entitled to receive a copy of the work as a return for such notice.

J. H. W.

Restoration & preservation of the

By H. WISE & SON, of Virginia.

A CARD.

M. WISE & SON, finding it altogether impossible to attend personally to the great number of daily applications from all sections of the Union, for their REMEDY FOR BALDNESS, and for their celebrated HAIR TONIC, have found it necessary to appoint a General Travelling Agent, to visit different cities and towns throughout the United States, vesting him with authority to appoint sub-agents, use and vend the Hair Tonic, and to supply the RESTORATIVE, and to put them into the hands of those he may appoint to operate wherever a sufficient number of patients in any town or neighborhood shall be obtained.

Capt. GEORGE CALVERT, of Fauquier county, Va., is alone authorized to act as General Travelling Agent, with the powers above indicated.

Capt. C. may be expected to visit, as speedily as practicable the principal cities and towns of the Union.

N. B. Capt. Calvert will always have on hand a full supply of the HAIR TONIC (which cleanses the head of dandruff, strengthens and invigorates the hair, and prevents it, also, from falling off) for the region of country most contiguous to his operations, or it may always be obtained at wholesale, and forwarded to any part of the Union, by addressing the proprietors, M. WISE & SON, Richmond, Va.

Price \$9 per dozen cash. Six bottles for \$5— or one dollar for single bottle.

Blank Notes

FOR sale at this Office, besides all other Blanks used by Clerks and Comptrollers.

A NEW set of BUGGY HARNESS for Sale— Acquire at this Office.

CAROLINA INN,

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE above establishment, situated on Main Street, third lot North of the Public Square, in the town of Charlotte, has been constantly open by the present Proprietor, from the 1st of January, 1840 to the present time, for the accommodation of the Public, and will continue to be kept open for the same purpose.

The Establishment has been enlarged and improved to a very considerable extent within the last two years—the entire building is in complete repair and is so constructed that all the rooms have abundant light and can be ventilated at pleasure.

The Stables are not inferior to any belonging to any similar Establishment in Western North Carolina; and care will be taken that they shall always be supplied with abundance of good grain and provender and attended by faithful and experienced Hostlers.

The Subscriber will use every exertion to give satisfaction to all who may patronize his House, and hesitates not to say that, from ten years' experience he is able to keep up the accommodation at the Carolina Inn, in a style not surpassed by any Public House in the interior country—and he takes this opportunity to return his cordial respects to a generous Public for past patronage and respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage and confidence.

DROVERS can, at all times, be supplied with convenient and well enclosed lots, free of charge, and furnished with grain at low prices.

IF The Charlotte and Camden Stages arrive and depart tri-weekly.

JENNINGS B. KERR.
Oct. 18, 1849.

Jewelry! Jewelry!!

THE Subscriber has returned from the North, and is now receiving and opening a RICH AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF JEWELRY.

He has selected his stock with great care, and has purchased a MORE EXTENSIVE ONE, than has ever before been opened in this place. Among his variety will be found

Gentlemen and Ladies Gold and Silver Chains and Links

Gold Chains and Keys,

Medallions, Fine Breast Pins, Spectacles, Ear Rings, Razors, Finger Rings, Watch Cases, Bracelets, Penknives, Hair Pins, Tea Trays, Ladies' Suspenders, Butter Knives, Coral Necklaces, and Perfumery.

AND A VARIETY OF FANCY GOODS, PLATED WARE, SOLID WARE, SILVER PLATED CASTORS AND CANDLES, &c., &c.

All of which he will dispose of on accommodating terms.

IF Gold purchased.

THOMAS TROTTER.
Charlotte, Oct. 5, 1849.

DR. KUHLE'S

Abyssinia Mixture,

For Catarrhs, Influenza, Constiveness, Piles, Gonorrhea, Gleet, Fluor Albus, or the Whites, Weakness, Obstructions, &c.

Gold TILL, N. C., Aug. 1, 1848.

Dr. J. Kuhl—Dear Sir:

You will please forward to us as soon as convenient, a fresh supply of the Restorer of the Blood and the Abyssinia Mixture, we have sold out some time. The Restorer and the Depurum Powder, have proved to be very efficacious in the treatment of the chest, Rheumatism, Sore Legs, Inflammations of the Eyes, Debility, and other diseases. We warranted the Abyssinia Mixture to every patient, and no one has asked for the money returned, but on the contrary, every one has praised its great and powerful powers.

We remain yours, respectfully,

A. D. W. HONEYCUTT.

Concord, N. C., July 22, 1848.

Dr. Kuhl—Dear Sir:

We have sold out all of your Abyssinia Mixture, it has given entire satisfaction to all those who have used it. We have warranted the Abyssinia Mixture in all cases on our own account, and we say it has never failed. We have daily called for more of the Abyssinia Mixture, and you will please send us as soon as possible, such a supply which will